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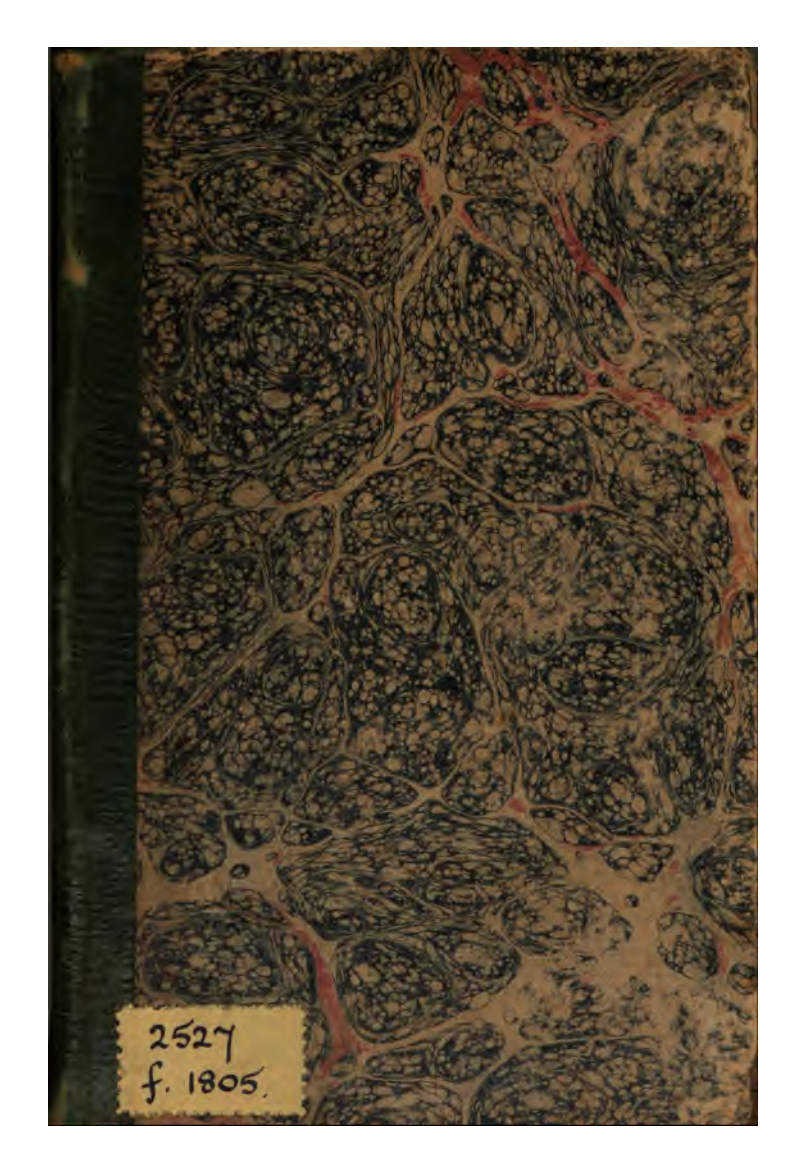
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FRONTISPIECE to The Promised Visit.



*A Grey bearded Old Man was seated in an Elbow Chair, & by his side stood the pretty Jacqueline, persuading him with the tenderest anxiety to eat heartily of the Dinner she had prepared for him.*

THE  
**PROMISED VISIT:**

INCLUDING

AN ACCOUNT

Of the various Methods of

*MANUFACTURING PAPER IN DIFFERENT  
COUNTRIES.*

To which are annexed,

**Fifty Questions,**

WITH A VIEW TO IMPRESS THE SUBJECT ON THE

*YOUTHFUL MIND.*

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*By the Author of "The Dew-Drop."*

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**London:**

PRINTED FOR HARVEY AND DARTON,  
GRACECHURCH-STREET.

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1821.



THE  
PROMISED VISIT, &c.

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IF my little readers have seen the story of the Dew-drop, they will recollect that I almost promised, some time or other, to give them an account of the visit which Edward and Harriet paid to the Paper-mill. Now, as I think promises ought always to be strictly observed, whether they be made to grown-up persons or to children, I am going to tell them the particulars of the happy day they spent there ; for a very happy day it



was, both to Edward and Harriet. They set off in perfect good humour, and with an inclination to be pleased with all they saw. This is a very pleasant disposition; it makes children agreeable to every one, and is generally rewarded by enjoyment to themselves.

“Well, have my children been good this morning?” said Mr. Lenox, one fine day, as, with a smiling countenance, he opened the school-room door. “How have the lessons been performed? If you can give a good account of yourselves, I have a great treat in store for you.”

They both looked at their mother with conscious pleasure, whose ready

smile told them she was satisfied with their attention. "What can this treat be?" said Harriet.

"Oh, the Paper-mill! the Paper-mill! I do believe papa is going to take us to that Paper-mill he spoke of the other day," exclaimed Edward, his eyes sparkling with animation and delight at the idea. "Have I guessed right, papa?"

"Quite right, my dear; but do you think you can walk so far?"

"O yes, to be sure, papa," exclaimed Edward: "I am a great deal more afraid that it will be too much for Harriet; for you cannot think what a poor, weak thing she is. Indeed, I think girls are always poor,

weak things. You cannot conceive, papa, what a bad hand she is at a leap or a jump."

"Leaping and jumping are very proper exercises for boys, Edward; but they are not at all suitable amusements for young ladies. I should not wish my gentle little Harriet to excel in such sports; but I do believe I have often seen her perform a walk, without difficulty, which has completely fatigued you."

"Well, papa, please just to try me. If you are not afraid of tiring Harriet, I am sure you may let me go; for I love a long walk dearly."

Consent being gained, but little time was lost in preparation; and,

with merry countenances, they joined their father in the garden.

“ Will you be so kind, papa,” said Harriet, “ as to tell us, as we walk along, who first invented paper; and how people managed to make books, before this invention was found out.”

Her father said he would, with great pleasure, tell them all he knew upon the subject; but Edward had run away to examine the colours of a beautiful butterfly, and he desired she would fetch him back, before he began his relation.

Harriet ran across the meadow, and soon caught the little fugitive.

“ Come, my dear Edward, papa is

going to tell us many entertaining things about paper. Make haste."

Edward did not want calling twice; though, for a moment, he felt sorry to leave his beautiful butterfly. He, however, turned cheerfully round, and giving his hand to his sister, accompanied her back to their father. They enjoyed the sweet breath of the cows that were grazing around them; admired the green meadow, and the butter-cups, yellow as gold, which, mixed with daisies, enamelled the turf over which they tripped lightly.

"The little bee humming about them was seen,  
The butterfly merrily danced along;  
The grasshopper chirp'd in the hedges of green,  
And the linnet was singing its liveliest song."

Their own hearts were as peaceful as this tranquil scene; and, joining their father, they listened, with attention and delight, to his instructive conversation.

“ Well, Edward, you did not catch the butterfly, I suppose. Nimble as you are, you were not nimble enough for him.”

“ No, papa; I did not wish to catch him. I only wanted to look at his pretty colours. Are there not a great many different sorts of butterflies? for I think, in our walks this summer, I have seen about twenty.”

“ It is supposed, Edward, that there are nearly twelve hundred different sorts, scattered over the globe, about

seventy of which are natives of our own country.”

“How pretty a collection of them altogether would look,” said Harriet.

“They would form a beautiful cabinet of curiosities, my love. The colours of those which inhabit warm countries, are much more brilliant than any which adorn our fields. I have been told, that some measure six inches, from the tip of one wing to the tip of the other. But we must not talk any longer about butterflies, as I have many things to tell you respecting paper, before we reach the mill.”

“Not respecting paper, papa,” said Harriet; “but respecting those things

that were used before they found out how to make paper.”

“True, my dear,” replied her father. “The first thing we read of, which was preserved by writing, was the law of the ten commandments, delivered to Moses. These, by the direction of the Great Creator himself, were written by Moses, for the government of the children of Israel, and continue to be a law to the Jews, as well as to Christians, even to this day. Do either of you recollect on what they were written?”

“Yes, papa,” said Harriet; “on two tables of stone. It says, in the Bible, that ‘Moses rose up early in the morning, and went up unto



Mount Sinai, as the Lord had commanded him, and took in his hand the two tables of stone.' ”

“ Very right, my love. Stones, bricks, the leaves of herbs and trees, their rinds or barks, have all, in their turns, supplied the place of paper. Tables of wood, of wax, and of ivory, have also been used; but they were large, awkward materials, and not at all convenient for the purpose. At length the Egyptian *papyrus* was invented.”

“ *Papyrus!* that sounds something like paper. Pray, papa,” enquired Harriet, “ did not our word paper take its name from that?”

Her father said it did, and also

told her, that the *papyrus* of the Egyptians was made from a rush of the same name, which grew principally on the banks of the river Nile, in Egypt."

"The Nile!" exclaimed Edward: "I think I have heard the name of that river before. Is it not that which you told me was so useful to the farmers, by overflowing its banks, and manuring their lands with its mud; so that they have nothing to do but to sow the seeds, without any other trouble?"

"It is, my dear."

"And was it not also by the banks of this river that Moses's mother hid

her little boy, to preserve him from the cruelty of King Pharaoh?"

"Yes, my dear; and the basket in which the poor little baby was concealed, is supposed to have been made of the very same reed of which we are now speaking; for it was common with the Egyptians to make their boats of the stalk of this plant. They also made sails, ropes, masts, blankets, and cloths of it. So that, you perceive, it was as useful to them as flax is to us."

"Not quite, I think, papa," said Edward; "for mamma told me, the other day, that my shirt was made of flax; and I did not hear you say

that the *papyrus* made shirts for the Egyptians.”

“Neither does the flax make shirts for you, Edward; but the cloth is made from the flax, and the industry and kindness of your mamma has converted that cloth into shirts for you. Now, if the Egyptian women are as clever and notable as the English ladies, I dare say they could make their little boys clothing, quite as comfortable, of the cloth from the papyrus reed.”

“Now, papa, please to tell us what was the next contrivance for writing on,” said Harriet.

“Parchment and vellum, my love.”

“And what are they made of, pray, papa.”

“Parchment is made from the skins of sheep or goats, prepared in a particular manner, which renders it proper for many useful purposes.”

“And is vellum made in the same way?”

“The only difference between them, my dear, is, that vellum is made from the skins of very young calves, and is much finer, whiter, and smoother than the common parchment.”

“When was the making of parchment first found out, papa?”

“I cannot tell you, Harriet; but it must have been known in Asia a very long time ago, for the Persians are

said to have written all their records on these skins. You know where Persia is, do you not, Edward?"

"Yes; mamma pointed it out to me in the map of Asia, yesterday morning, when we were reading in the Bible about the Medes and Persians. But now, papa, please to tell us when our own nice paper was found out, and who first made the discovery. I hope it was an Englishman. Do not you think, papa, English people are generally more clever than any body else?"

"No, my dear: in many of the fine arts, the French and Italians are greatly superior to us."

"The French, papa! Oh, do not

say so, pray : I cannot bear to think the French are better than us in any thing."

"That may be, Edward, and yet it is very true that they are our superiors in many respects. But why do you exclaim so violently against the French?"

"Because they are our enemies, and I hate them all."

"Oh! fye, fye, Edward; I am quite ashamed of you. Never let me hear you make use of such an expression again. You told me, a few minutes ago, that you had been reading the Bible; I am grieved to find that you possess so little of the spirit that breathes throughout that

sacred book. You are there commanded 'to love your enemies; to bless them that curse you; to do good to them that hate you; and to pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you.' "

Edward blushed and looked very much ashamed, to have merited this reproof from his father: he promised never to use such improper language in future, nor to hate the French, though they had once been our enemies.

Harriet was sorry to see poor Edward's confusion, for she loved her little brother so dearly, that she always felt as much grieved when he



was blamed, as if she were blamed herself; she therefore tried to change the conversation, by repeating Edward's question, of when, and by whom, the manufacture of paper from linen rags was invented.

“That I cannot tell you, my love,” said her father: “some say it was discovered by the Germans; others, that it was found out by the Italians. The Greeks, the Arabs, and the Saracens, have each in their turn been declared its inventor; but the Chinese appear to me to have the best title to it, for they made paper from the very same materials, long before it was introduced into our country.”

“Then nobody supposes, papa,

that the English found it out," said Edward, in a disappointed tone of voice.

"No, indeed, my dear Edward, nor has an Englishman even the merit of having introduced it into this country; as the first paper-mill was built by a German, at a town called Dartford, in Kent, in the year 1588. Now, Harriet, can you tell me how long that was ago?"

Harriet had begun arithmetic, and she had learned addition, subtraction, and multiplication, so that her father knew that she could do this sum. She considered a few minutes, and then said: "It must be done by subtraction, papa. I must set down the

date of the present year at the top, that is 1818, and under it I must set down the year when the mill was built, that is 1588, and I must take one from the other." Her father lent her his lead-pencil, and a letter which he had in his pocket. She did the sum, and afterwards told him, it was two hundred and thirty years ago. She then begged he would lend her a piece of Indian-rubber, that she might rub out the figures she had made upon his letter; and when she gave it back to him, she enquired of what Indian-rubber was made.

Her father did not, however, choose to answer her question at that moment, because he had many other

things to tell them about paper, so he said, " Ask me another time, Harriet: let us understand one subject thoroughly first. I must tell you, that in this paper-mill, built by the German, nothing was made but a brown, coarse sort of paper: nor did the English improve in the art, till a number of Frenchmen, who were driven out of their own country on account of their religion, took shelter in England, and taught our paper-makers how to manufacture white writing-paper."

Edward looked very much mortified, to find, that to the French, of whom he had just been speaking so disrespectfully, the English were in-

debted for their improvement in this useful art; and he was not at all sorry to perceive, from the white-washed cottages that now and then appeared peeping between the trees, that they were near the village. Before his father had time to make any further remark, he pointed to a little tapering spire, and enquired if that were not the village church, and if they were not very near the mill.

“ Yes, Edward; Mr. Benson’s house is the first we shall see, after turning down that lane.”

Edward ran on before; but just as he reached the corner, a little dog, which ran barking towards him, made him repent his speed.

“Bow, wow, wow,” cried Dash.

“Oh, dear! oh, dear, papa!” screamed Edward; “come to me, pray—pray do, this minute. Here is a furious dog, which I believe wants to bite me, for he looks very savage.”

His father ran hastily towards Edward, but could not help smiling at his alarm, when he found that the object of his terror was only a playful little spaniel, that was frisking and barking around him. Even Harriet laughed, and could not help calling him coward. She stooped down, and patted the smooth and shining head of little Dash.

Edward soon recovered his composure, and ventured to pat him also,

and the whole party walked in the most friendly manner towards the mill. The house adjoining it was rather small, but extremely neat. Before the door was a little lattice-work porch, round which were entwined woodbines and moss-roses; and a great many pretty flowers bloomed in the borders; for the house, or rather cottage, stood in the midst of a garden, that was very free from weeds.

Almost the moment they knocked, the door was opened by a pretty, modest-looking girl, about thirteen years old; and a rosy-faced little boy came peeping out of a room behind her, to see the strangers.

“ Is your father at home, my dear?”  
enquired Mr. Lenox.

“ Yes, Sir, he is in the mill : will you please to sit down a few minutes, and I will fetch him.”

“ Perhaps he is engaged to-day, if so, do not interrupt him ; but if he is at liberty, my little folks will be very much obliged to him to show them his paper-mill.”

“ Oh, yes, Sir, I dare say he is at liberty. Will you please to take a seat for a minute?” So saying, she set out three chairs, and was just leaving the room, when she saw her little brother peep through a half-open door at the other end of it. “ Come, Jemmy ; come with me, my dear,”



said she, going towards him, and taking his reluctant hand.

“No, Mary; Jemmy stay with the company,” lisped out the rosy little fellow.

“So he shall,” said Mr. Lenox, catching him up in his arms, and carrying him towards Harriet, who was very fond of children.

“I hope he will not be troublesome, Sir,” said Mary; and charging little Jemmy to be a good boy, she left the room to seek her father.

Harriet and Edward were highly delighted with their little charge: he soon grew very sociable, and his tongue ran continually. He brought out some playthings, with which

Harriet and Edward were very much amused. One was a little woman spinning: it was made of bone, but looked as white as ivory. Her wheel turned by means of a string which was fastened round it. Edward asked Jemmy where he bought that pretty play-thing.

“My good Louis gave it to me,” said Jemmy: “my dear, good Louis made it himself, on purpose for me. He made it of a beef-bone.”

Edward was all astonishment.—  
“Made that pretty thing of a beef-bone!” exclaimed he: “Oh, Jemmy, I believe you make a mistake there. I never can think that that nice wo-

man, and her spinning-wheel, were made of nothing but a beef-bone."

Little Jemmy was highly offended to find that Edward did not believe him, and jumping off Mr. Lenox's knee, he ran again to the closet, and brought out some toys still more curious and beautiful, together with an elegant work-box, which belonged to his sister Mary. He spread them before Edward's admiring eyes, exclaiming, as he laid each on the table:—"And that, and that, and that; they were all made of beef-bones. Jemmy is quite sure of it, because he saw Louis make them: Jemmy saw them made his ownself."

“And pray who is Louis?” enquired Mr. Lenox.

“Our good Louis works in the mill, and he is very kind to Mary and me.”

Before Mr. Lenox had time to ask Jemmy any more questions, Mary and her father came in. After welcoming Mr. Lenox and the little folks to his house, and assuring them he should be very much pleased to show them the mill, he perceived the display Jemmy had made of his treasures, and confirmed the account his little boy had given, of their being made by one of his workmen. “He is a poor Frenchman, Sir,” continued

he, " and a most excellent man he is : he has worked with me ever since my Mary was born, and that is almost thirteen years ago. He has introduced many useful improvements into the mill ; for he is very ingenious, as almost all his countrymen are. At the time of that sad confusion in France, Sir, which happened above twenty years ago, and when such numbers lost their lives, poor Louis, like many others, was driven from his native country, where he had a pretty property, and became very little better than a beggar in England. His father escaped with him, as well as his wife, to whom he was but just married, and who lived but a

little while after her arrival in this country. Poverty and distress weighed her down; and, a few hours after giving birth to a daughter, she expired in the arms of her afflicted husband. I am sure my heart has often ached to hear poor Louis speak of his heavy loss. Only think, Sir; he was a stranger in a foreign country, and had both an aged father and an infant daughter to support, without a single earthly friend to help him."

"Poor Louis!" said Harriet and Edward, both at once, in a voice of the most tender compassion; and with anxious curiosity they entreated Mr. Benson to go on with his story.

"He took lodgings in a garret, in a

close part of London; and it was by making such toys as those, that he managed to keep his family from starving. His little girl was a constant delight to him. He called her Jaqueline, after his poor wife; and spent every moment he could spare from necessary labour, in teaching her. In this manner several years passed away, till one day, seeing an advertisement which I had put into the paper, for a workman in my mill, he determined to apply for the situation; thinking that the certainty of constant employment would be far better for him than the toy-making business, particularly as he had been obliged to lower his price, on account

of the number of French prisoners, who employed their melancholy and tedious hours in the same manner. I was much pleased with his appearance, and affected by his simple story. He came a month upon trial; and we were so well satisfied with each other, that we have never since felt a wish to part. His poor old father used to assist in sorting the rags, and by this means managed to earn a trifle also; but he has lately had a paralytic stroke, which now confines him entirely to the house. Jaqueline is grown a lovely girl: she is a most tender nurse to her aged grandfather, and a very dutiful child to the best of fathers. They are at



present comfortably provided for, and live in a neat little cottage at the corner of yonder field, which Jaqueline keeps as nice as wax. They now and then get a customer for a few of their toys, which Louis finds time to make, when his employment at the mill is over. This, in addition to his wages, enables them to live in tolerable comfort."

When Mr. Benson had finished his story, he left the room to take off his working dress. Edward's father looked at his little boy, to read in his countenance the effect of this mournful tale, and found his blushing cheeks covered with tears, and his eyes bent to the ground.

“Although poor Louis is a Frenchman,” said his father, “I am sure my little Edward does not consider him an object of hatred.”

“Oh no, indeed I do not, my dear papa. Pray forgive me this once, and I promise you I will never again hate any body, only for being a Frenchman.”

Mr. Lenox took him by the hand, and said, “You will find, my dear child, that in every nation there are many excellent men, who, like poor Louis, deserve your pity and esteem. Virtue is always lowly; and, happily, it is not confined to any climate, nor to any soil.” Saying these words, he led Edward and Harriet into the

neat little garden, where they were joined by Mr. Benson, who was ready to conduct them to the mill.

Edward was at first sorrowful, but his smiles were soon restored by the good-natured attention of Harriet. Little Dash accompanied them, and by a variety of droll tricks diverted them highly. If they threw a stone, away he galloped, till he reached the spot where it fell; then, seizing it in his mouth, he would bring it to them, and lay it at their feet.

The mill stood in a meadow that joined the garden, surrounding the cottage. When Harriet and Edward reached it, they waited till their father and Mr. Benson came up; for, in

following Dash, they had left them some distance behind.

“I suppose,” said Mr. Benson, “that the young folks know what paper is made of.”

“Yes, Sir,” replied Edward; “I was quite surprised to hear papa say, a few days ago, that it was made of old rags.”

“It is so,” returned Mr. Benson, as he led them into a room in which a number of old women and girls were at work. “The rags I buy from the rag-merchant, and give them to these poor people to sort and pick.”

Harriet and Edward went up to

an old woman, who seemed to be very busy at her work. They observed that she sorted them according to their different degrees of fineness. She also, with a knife, cut out carefully all the seams. After this was done, another woman put them into the dusting-machine, which was a large circular wire sieve. This cleaned them, in some degree; and the old woman said they were then ready to go to the mill.

The children were not sorry to leave this room; for the quantity of rags made it smell very disagreeably, and the sifting of them caused a great deal of dust.

Mr. Benson now conducted them

into another part of the building. He told them, that formerly the rags were beaten to pieces with immensely large hammers, which rose and fell continually with a tremendous noise, which was heard at a great distance; but that now, they put the rags into a large trough or cistern, into which a pipe of clear spring-water is constantly flowing. He took them to look at this trough; and they saw in it a long, round piece of wood, which their father called a cylinder. It was about two feet long, set thick round with rows of iron spikes, standing as close to each other as they could, without touching. At the bottom of the trough, they saw that

there were other rows of spikes, to correspond with those in the cylinder:

Mr. Benson threw in a quantity of rags, prepared in the manner before described. The cylinder was then made to whirl round as fast as possible; and, with its iron teeth, it rent and tore the cloth in every direction.

Mr. Benson told them, that by the assistance of the water, which kept continually flowing through the cistern, the rags were reduced to a fine paste, and the dirt was entirely washed away, so that the pulp became as white as snow. "But it would take as much as six hours to bring it into that state," said he;

"therefore you cannot see this part completed. We afterwards put in a little smalt, to improve the colour."

"Pray, Sir, what is smalt?" enquired Harriet.

"It is a sort of glass, which, when ground very fine, is of a beautiful blue colour. It is what is used by washerwomen, under the name of powder-blue."

Mr. Benson then took them into another room, where was a copper filled with warm water, mixed with a quantity of fine pulp. This, he told them, was the proper substance for making paper; but the form must now be given to it. "For this purpose," added he, "we make use of a



mould formed of wires, large one way, and crossed with finer. This mould we just dip into the copper, and take it out again."

Edward begged that he might look at one of the moulds, which Mr. Benson gave him leave to do; and he found there was a little wooden frame round the edges, of which he enquired the use.

"It is by means of that frame, that so much of the pulp is retained as is wanted for the thickness of the sheet; the rest runs over the edge, and through the spaces between the wires. But you shall see me make a sheet, Sir," said he, "and then you will understand better."

Edward thanked Mr. Benson for his kindness, who called Louis to help him. The children were glad to hear him called; for they had a great desire to see this good Frenchman. He had a very pleasing countenance; and as he approached, he made a very respectful bow to Mr. Lenox, for the French are almost always very polite.

“Now, Louis,” said Mr. Benson, “these little folks wish to see us make a sheet of paper.” He then took up the frame, which he dipped into the copper, and immediately took it out again, giving it at the same time a gentle shake, that the pulp might be spread equally over the wires, whilst the water passed through. Louis

instantly received it from him, and turned out the thin sheet upon soft felt, which is a kind of flannel, and which was placed upon a board to receive it: over it they laid another piece of felt, and then another sheet of paper. This, Mr. Benson said, they continued doing till they had a pile of forty or fifty. "They are then placed in a strong screw-press," added he, "where they remain till all the water is completely squeezed from them: this gives them firmness."

"And then, I suppose, it is quite finished," said Edward.

"No, indeed, Sir; there is still a great deal to be done," answered Mr. Benson: "after it has been properly

pressed, the felts are taken off and laid on one side, and the paper on the other, which is then taken up, three sheets at a time, by means of an instrument in the shape of the letter T, and hung on lines to dry. There it remains for a week or ten days: this whitens it still more; and the knots and roughness that, in spite of all our pains, will sometimes remain, are picked off carefully by the women. It is then sized."

"Pray what does that mean, Sir?" asked Edward.

"Size is a kind of glue; and without this preparation, the paper would not do to write upon, as the ink would run and sink in the manner-

you have seen it do on blotting-paper, which is never sized. The sheets are just dipped into the size, hung again upon the lines, and, when sufficiently dried, carried into what we call the finishing-room."

Mr. Benson now took Edward by the hand, and, followed by Mr. Lenox and Harriet, they proceeded to this room, where they found several persons busily employed: some were examining the sheets, to see that they were free from all imperfections; others were pressing them in dry presses; whilst some women were counting the finished sheets into quires, which they gave to men, who made them into reams ready for the stationer.

Edward's father told him there were twenty-four sheets in a quire, and twenty quires in a ream.

"The paper we buy at the stationer's," said Harriet, "is smooth at the edges; and this is very rough."

"After the stationer receives it, my dear," replied her father, "he folds it again, and cuts the edges, which gives it that neat appearance: he also sometimes makes it shine like satin, by glossing it with hot plates of metal."

Harriet then asked Mr. Benson how long it required to make a sheet of paper, from the moment the old women began to pick the rags, till it was ready to be sent to the stationer;

and he told her that it required about three weeks.

Harriet and Edward said, they thought they should in future be much more careful than they had hitherto been, not to waste writing-paper; for they had never before had the least idea that the making of it cost so much time and trouble.

“Pray, papa,” enquired Harriet, “did the Egyptians make their paper in the same manner, from the rags of the cloth made from the *papyrus* reed?”

“No, my dear: it was manufactured from the reed itself. After cutting off the head and root, they slit the remaining stem lengthwise,

into two equal parts, stripping from each of these, with the point of a fine needle, the thin, scaly coats of which it was composed. The innermost were considered the best, and those nearest the rind or bark, the worst, which were kept separate, to make the commonest sort of paper. The coats, as they were taken off, were stretched upon a table, and two of them, when laid over each other, were glued together by the muddy water of the Nile. This was next pressed from them. They were afterwards dried; and, lastly, flatted and smoothed by being beaten with a mallet: they were then fit to write upon."



“Was not the paper sized, pray Sir?” enquired Mr. Benson.

“I believe not: perhaps the muddy waters of the Nile, with which the coats were glued together, answered the same purpose. Nor am I sure that it was written upon with a pen and ink: I have heard they used a hard pencil, though I do not recollect of what it was said to be made.”

The children having now heard and seen the whole process of paper-making, returned with their father to Mr. Benson's cottage, where Mary had set out, with great neatness, a plentiful supply of fruit, and a bowl of delicious cream. There were strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries, and

currants, and the little folks relished them exceedingly. Before they took leave of their kind entertainer, their father enquired the way to Louis's cottage. Mr. Benson having pointed it out to them, they all, with many thanks for his kindness, bade adieu to him and Mary, and bent their steps towards the humble abode of Jacqueline and her aged grandfather.

The children were both delighted. Harriet smiled with pleasure, but Edward clapped his hands, and actually jumped for joy. A spreading beech concealed the cottage from their view, till they reached the very spot where it stood. The little casement windows were almost covered

with jessamine, in full bloom ; and, as the door was open, they could see what was passing withinside, without being observed.

The scene would have made a sweet picture. A grey-headed old man was seated in a high-backed elbow-chair, and by his side stood the pretty Jaqueline, persuading him, with the tenderest anxiety, to eat heartily of the dinner she had prepared for him. Her flaxen hair hung over, and half concealed, one of the most interesting countenances Mr. Lenox thought he had ever seen. Edward, who was unaccustomed to hide his feelings, exclaimed: "Oh! what a pretty girl she is."

This was uttered in so loud a tone of voice, that Jaqueline heard him, and suddenly starting, she turned round, and blushed deeply at the unexpected sight of the strangers.

Mr. Lenox advanced towards the door, and introduced himself by saying he was just come from the paper-mill, where he had seen her father, and had taken the liberty of calling to look at some of their pretty toys.

Whilst Mr. Lenox was explaining the motive of his visit, Jaqueline had time to recover from her confusion. She begged they would walk in, and said, she should be pleased to show

them the few toys they had by them.

Harriet and Edward followed their father into the cottage, where every thing was indeed, as Mr. Benson had told them, as neat as wax.

Jaqueline opened the door of a little closet, and brought out several toys, very much like those which Jemmy had shown them. Mr. Lenox enquired if she had a larger work-box.

“Yes, Sir,” said she, “we have one which my father made before he left London; but it is so large and expensive, we never expect to find a purchaser for it, therefore I did not think of showing it to you.”

She now brought out of a drawer,

a large and elegant work-box, made like the other toys, of bone, but beautifully carved with a basket of flowers in the middle, and a wreath of roses round the sides. Mr. Lenox enquired the price.

“Three guineas, Sir,” said Jaqueline: “it cost my dear father so much time and trouble, that we really cannot afford it for less.”

“I will take it,” returned Mr. Lenox, “for I am sure it will please my wife very much.” He then gave three pound-notes, and three shillings, to the delighted girl, whose eyes sparkled with pleasure as she received this large sum.

Edward peeped into the closet.

“Oh, papa! pray come and look at these beautiful flowers;—roses, and pinks, and honeysuckles, and jessamines, all tied in bunches, and all alive without any water!”

Jaqueline smiled at Edward's eagerness. “They are not real flowers, Sir,” said she; “they are some artificial ones, which I have lately been trying to make.”

“And will you sell us some of them?” asked Edward: “I heard mamma say how much she wanted some, to make our parlour look pretty in the winter, and to set in the middle of the dinner-table. I am almost sure papa will buy some; for I do believe mamma would like them

much better than that box. Look Harriet, how very natural they are. This jessamine is exactly like that which grows over the windows. May I gather a sprig and compare them?"

"Oh, yes, Sir, and welcome," said Jaqueline; "but I fear my poor little flowers will not bear the comparison."

Harriet and Edward ran to the window, and plucked a pretty sprig of jessamine, declaring, as they held it by the side of the artificial representation, that if they did but smell as sweet, they should not know them from the real flowers.

Mr. Lenox admired them much, and as Jaqueline set a very moderate price upon them, he bought several



bunches. Edward looked with a longing eye at a little spinning jenny; and Harriet was so much delighted with a work-box, exactly like the one belonging to Mary, that their kind father purchased both, as presents for his children.

I wish my little readers could have seen the joyful looks of this happy group, at the moment Mr. Lenox paid Jaqueline for his numerous purchases. The countenance of the sweet girl was brightened by a smile of gratitude and pleasure. Harriet's gentle heart shared her happiness; whilst Edward, delighted with his present—with Jaqueline—with the grey-headed old man, (who sat a pleased

spectator of the happy scene,)—and with the pretty cottage itself, capered about the room, and actually sung for joy. At length, a momentary cloud passed over his countenance.—

“ Harriet has deserved her happiness; and so has Jaqueline; but, papa, I have not deserved my happiness: I, who was such a naughty boy this morning.”

“ Think no more of that, Edward; my love,” said his father; “ at least, think of it only to avoid falling into the same fault in future.”

“ Ah, no! you need not fear me, my dear papa; I have had a good lesson, and I shall remember it.”

A quick step at this moment ap-

proached the cottage-door, which Jaqueline instantly knew to be her father's. She ran hastily out to meet him. "Oh! come in, my dear father," cried the grateful girl: "I am glad you are returned in time to see and thank this good gentleman. Look! my dear father, how much we owe him." So saying, she pressed the money she had received into his hand. "It is the sum, the very sum you were wishing for this morning, to pay our rent. How wrong it was of me to despair of gaining it! So often as a kind Providence has been our stay, how could I be so ungrateful as to doubt he would again help us in the needful time! I now remember

your words, my dear father. 'Fear not, my child,' you said to me this morning, when you went to work: 'Blessed is that man who maketh the Lord his trust.'"

Poor Louis entered his cottage with a heart throbbing with gratitude, both to his Almighty Father, and to the unexpected friends sent for his relief. He cast his eyes to Heaven, and said with the Psalmist, "Many, O Lord, my God! are thy wonderful works which thou hast done unto me: if I would declare and speak of them, they are more than can be numbered." Then turning to his daughter, he said, "Thank these

good friends for me, Jaqueline, for I cannot."

The ejaculation to his Maker, though uttered in a very low tone of voice, did not escape the ear of Mr. Lenox, who, deeply affected by the pious gratitude of the worthy Louis, said: "There is not the least occasion for thanks, my friend. I have only to rejoice that the money happens to come at so acceptable a time. But we must not obtrude upon you any longer: this is your dinner-hour."

Louis, recovering his composure, entreated them to sit down a few minutes in his humble cot, saying, "As the little gentleman and lady seemed so much pleased with the

sight of the Paper-mill this morning, I should like, if you will give me leave, Sir, to explain to them the construction of a patent machine, which was first contrived by a countryman of mine, and which saves the labour of many hands, in the manufacturing of paper."

Mr. Lenox assured him he should feel much obliged to him for any information he could give the children upon this subject; and Louis, who felt much pleased to have it in his power to oblige his benefactor, went up stairs in search of a book containing a print of this machine, by the help of which he hoped to make the children understand his explanation

the more readily. He soon returned, and by means of his print, and the plain description he gave them, the children comprehended, very clearly, the plan and advantage of this machine. The object of it is, as Louis had before told them, to save the labour of many hands. The pulp, when properly prepared for making the paper, is conveyed out of the vat, (which is a large tub,) by means of a pipe, along a shallow trough, whence it is received upon a wire cloth, which answers the purpose of the sieve used in the common mills; and, by the contrivance of different rollers, it is made to undergo, in its progress, the numerous changes which, in the

manufactory they had visited, had required so much time and so many people to perform; till at last it is in the complete state of paper, wound round a reel the exact size of the intended sheets. Thus, in the course of a very few minutes, it is converted, from the state of pulp, to that of paper; and, when cut from the reel, only requires to be committed to the last press and sized.

“I have been told, Sir,” said Louis, “that although paper made from linen rags is so generally used in Europe, that in some of the eastern countries they still write on the leaves of trees.”

“Yes,” replied Mr. Lenox, “the



natives of the Maldivé Islands are said to write on the leaves of a tree, which grow to the enormous length of nine feet; and the Brahmins use, for the same purpose, those of a species of palm. This tree rises to the height of sixty or seventy feet, and its leaves are twenty feet broad."

The children lifted up their hands and eyes with astonishment.

"Twenty feet broad! Oh, prodigious!" exclaimed Harriet: "why, one leaf must be enough to make a whole book."

Her father told her, that only part of a leaf would make a book of considerable size.

"Are you sure that account is true,

papa?" said Edward: "I should like to look at one of those monstrous leaves. Pray, did you ever see one?"

"No, Edward, I cannot say I ever did; but I have seen a manuscript written on a leaf of this kind, which was sent from Fort St. George in the East Indies, and is still preserved in one of the libraries at Oxford. Almost every province in the East has its peculiar paper. The Chinese make theirs of many different materials, such as the bark of the mulberry-tree and elm; but chiefly of the bamboo and cotton-tree. The second skin of the bamboo is what is generally used for this purpose: it is beaten in water till it is reduced to a fine pulp, and

taken up in large moulds; so that some of the sheets are above twelve feet long. They are finished by dipping them, sheet by sheet, into alum-water: this serves instead of the size which we use. It not only prevents the paper from blotting when written on, but makes it look bright and shining, as if it were varnished."

The children were very attentive to their father, whilst he gave them this account, and asked if he had nothing more to tell them about paper, as it amused them very much. He promised to give them a description of the *cadsi*, or paper-tree of Japan, during their walk home; but did not choose to stay any longer at the cot-

tage, because he knew that they prevented Louis from eating his dinner, which had been ready some time.

Mr. Lenox told Jaqueline he would send a servant the following morning for his purchases; and they departed, followed by the blessings of this happy family.

For some time they were so much engaged, talking of Louis and of Jaqueline, that they did not think of the paper-tree of Japan; indeed, their father thought it best to direct their attention to some other subject for a while, lest they should grow tired with what he wished to make both a pleasure and an improvement to them.

“What is that noise I hear?” said Edward, as he listened to a cheruping sound that seemed to come from the root of a tree.

“It is made by a grasshopper, Edward,” replied his father: “in a book I was reading, the other day, I found the following lines addressed to this insect:

‘Thy cheerful note in wood and vale,  
 Fills every heart with glee;  
 And summer smiles in double charms,  
 While thus proclaim’d by thee.’”

“Well, and so it is a cheerful note,” said Harriet: “I wish we could see the little creature itself.” They stooped down, and carefully examined the bank whence the sound proceeded.

Presently Edward started back. A little green insect, with two long legs, jumped from the grass, and settled on his hand; but before he had time to examine its form, it took a second leap, and was again hid in the long grass which covered the bank.

“That was the little insect you were looking for, Edward,” said his father: “that was a grasshopper.”

“How tiresome of him to hop away so soon,” said Edward; “he scarcely gave me time to look at him.”

“Did you see the two long hind-legs, that stood up higher than his back,” enquired his father.

“Yes, papa: he seemed to me a little like a cricket in shape; only his colour was different.”

“It is of the same tribe, my love. The noise it makes is not by means of its mouth, but is occasioned by rubbing those long legs together. By this motion they open and shut a small membrane on each side of the body, whence the sound proceeds. The most curious species of this insect is a stranger to our island; but is found in most of the warmer parts of Europe, and is very common in Asia. It is called the *praying mantis*, or *camel cricket*, and is entirely of a beautiful green colour: it is almost three inches in length, and generally,

when sitting, holds up its two fore legs, slightly bent, as if in the attitude of prayer; and it is from this circumstance it takes its name. These insects have often very fierce combats with each other, and they generally fight till one of them is killed. Their legs are furnished with teeth like a saw; and one has been known to cut off his enemy's head, by means of this weapon, at a single blow. The Chinese keep these animals, and make them fight for their amusement, as some cruel people in our own country keep game-cocks for the same purpose. They feed the poor little creatures in separate cages, made of bamboo,



and occasionally turn them upon each other, when they fight furiously till one falls dead, and the conqueror immediately devours him. This custom is so common in China, that, during the summer months, scarcely a boy is to be seen without a cage of these grasshoppers."

"Oh, what cruel children!" cried Edward; "why do not their parents teach them better?"

"Their parents have never been themselves taught better, my dear boy; it cannot, therefore, be expected that they should know how to teach their children. But that so barbarous a diversion as cock-fighting should be encouraged in England, where

people have so many opportunities of learning better, is much more astonishing.”

“I have seen our two cocks at home fight of their own accord,” said Edward; “but I always try to part them, for fear they should hurt each other. What pleasure can people find in seeing such pretty creatures quarrel and fight?”

“I cannot tell you, my dear boy: it is a proof of a very cruel and unmanly disposition; and nothing tends more to brutalize the mind, than such barbarous diversions. I will tell you a circumstance that happened about twenty-five years ago, which will convince you of this.”

“Is it really true?—Is it, papa?”  
said Edward.

“Yes, my love, I wish I could doubt it, for it is a horrid story. A young man of large fortune, who was excessively fond of this cruel diversion, had a favourite cock, which had won many battles; but once happening to lose, this worthless young man was so enraged, that he ordered the poor bird to be tied to a spit, and roasted alive before a large fire. The screams of the wretched animal were so affecting, that some gentlemen who were in the house attempted to interfere, which provoked him to such a degree, that, seizing a poker with the greatest rage, he declared he would

kill the first person who should interpose. At this instant the unhappy young man fell senseless to the ground. He was taken up speechless; and after lingering three days he died, without in the slightest degree recovering his senses."

Both the children shuddered at this dreadful account. They pitied not only the poor cock, but the barbarous young man, who, in a moment when so unprepared, was called to appear before the judgment-seat of God; and they felt thankful to the kind parents who had taught them, from their earliest infancy, lessons of mercy and humanity.

This melancholy story had cast a gloom over the minds of Harriet and Edward, which their father wished to remove; for which purpose he repeated to them the following lines from Cowper, which, though somewhat melancholy, left a more agreeable impression on their minds than the former story.

“ Where Humber pours his rich commercial  
 stream,  
 There dwelt a wretch who liv'd but to blaspheme.  
 In subterraneous caves his life he led,  
 Black as the mine in which he wrought for bread:  
 When on a day, emerging from the deep,  
 A sabbath-day ! (such sabbaths thousands keep,)  
 The wages of his weekly toil he bore,  
 To buy a cock whose blood might win him more ;  
 As if the noblest of the feather'd kind  
 Were but for battle and for death design'd :

As if the consecrated hours were meant  
 For sport to minds on cruelty intent.  
 It chanc'd (such chances Providence obey)  
 He met a fellow-labourer on the way,  
 Whose heart the same desires had once inflam'd,  
 But now the savage temper was reclaim'd.  
 Persuasion on his lips had taken place,  
 (For all plead well who plead the cause of grace.)  
 His iron heart with Scripture he assail'd,  
 Woo'd him to hear a sermon, and prevail'd.  
 His faithful bow the mighty preacher drew,  
 Swift as the lightning's glimpse his arrows flew.  
 He wept, he trembled—cast his eyes around,  
 To find a worse than he—but none he found.  
 He felt his sins, and wonder'd he should feel!  
 Grace made the wound, and only grace could  
     heal.

Now farewell oaths, and blasphemies, and lies:  
 He quits the sinner's for the martyr's prize.  
 That holy day was wash'd with many a tear,  
 Gilded with hope, yet shaded too by fear.  
 The next, his swarthy brethren of the mine  
 Learnt from his alter'd speech the change divine,

Laugh'd where they should have wept, and swore  
the day

Was nigh, when he would swear as fast as they.  
'No,' said the penitent, 'such words shall share  
This breath no more, henceforth employ'd in  
pray'r.

Oh! if thou seest (thine eye the future sees)  
That I shall yet again blaspheme like these,  
Now strike me to the ground on which I kneel,  
Ere yet this heart relapses into steel;  
Now take me to that heav'n I once defied,  
Thy presence, thy embrace!—He spoke and  
died."

At the end of the field where they  
were walking was a stile, which led  
into a fine meadow, and as they  
climbed over it, their father said,  
"Now for a race, children. Come,  
Harriet, let me see if you cannot beat  
your boasting brother."

Away they both ran. Edward at first far outstripped Harriet; but he soon exhausted himself by the violence of his efforts, and was obliged to slacken his pace. Harriet, on the contrary, by persevering in a steady course, passed him before he had run half way across the meadow, and reached the stile before him.

Edward's father overtook him just as he came up with his sister, panting and tired with his exertion.

Harriet jumped nimbly into the next field; but poor Edward begged so earnestly for a little rest, that his father could not refuse his petition. A fine spreading chesnut-tree afforded them a pleasant shade, and they all sat down under it.



“Your boasting, Edward,” said his father, “reminds me of the fable of the Hare and Tortoise, which I recollect learning when I was a school-boy : whilst we rest ourselves, I will repeat it to you.”

“Pray do, dear papa,” cried both the children : “we like a fable or a tale very much. What a delightful day we shall have spent !”

Their father immediately began as follows :

#### THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.

“In days of yore, when Time was young,  
When birds convers'd as well as sung,  
A forward hare, of swiftness vain,  
The genius of the neighb'ring plain,

Would oft deride the drudging crowd,  
 (For geniuses are ever proud :)  
 He'd boast, his flight 'twere vain to follow,  
 For dog and horse he'd beat them hollow.  
 A tortoise heard his vain oration,  
 And vented thus his indignation :  
 ' Oh, Puss ! it bodes thee dire disgrace,  
 When I defy thee to the race.  
 Come, 'tis a match : nay, no denial ;  
 I lay my shell upon the trial.'  
 'Twas done, and done ! All fair ! A bet !  
 Judges prepar'd, and distance set.  
 The scampering hare outstripp'd the wind ;  
 The creeping tortoise lagg'd behind ;  
 And scarce had pass'd a single pole,  
 When puss had almost reach'd the goal.  
 Friend Tortoise, quoth the jeering hare,  
 Your burden's more than you can bear ;  
 To help your speed, it were as well  
 That I should ease you of your shell ;  
 Jog on a little faster, prithee ;  
 I'll take a nap, and then be with thee.

The tortoise heard his taunting jeer,  
 But still resolv'd to persevere ;  
 On to the goal securely crept,  
 While puss, unknowing, soundly slept.  
 The bets were won, the hare awoke,  
 When thus the victor tortoise spoke :  
 ' Puss, though I own thy quicker parts,  
 Things are not always done by starts ;  
 You may deride my awkward pace,  
 But slow and steady wins the race.' "

" It is unnecessary to point out the moral to you, Edward; you can make one for yourself."

" Oh yes, papa ; it is very easy to find out the lesson to be learnt from that fable : but there never was a time when birds could talk ; was there, pray?"

" No, my boy ; there never was a

time when birds could talk a language intelligible to us, though I have no doubt they have some means by which they can make themselves understood by each other."

"But do you think a hare could make a tortoise understand him?" enquired Harriet.

"That I should doubt, my love," returned her father: "at all events, the fable has an excellent moral, and that is the object you should attend to, in every story you read. The fable is only a pleasing dress, to cover an important lesson. Now, are you ready to proceed on your walk, my little weary traveller?" said he, turn-

ing to Edward. Harriet jumped up in an instant; and her brother attempted to imitate her activity, but in vain. He was obliged to confess he was really very tired, and to entreat his father to let him rest under the shade of this pleasant tree a little longer. He immediately consented, but not without smiling, and repeating the words that Edward had used just before their departure: "Well, papa, if you are not afraid of tiring Harriet, I am sure you may let me go. I love a long walk dearly."

"Papa, you said you would give us an account of the paper-tree of Japan: I hope you will not forget your promise," said Harriet.

“ No, my dear, I have not forgotten it; nor do I think I can have a better opportunity for its performance, than the present. The paper manufactured by the natives of Japan, from the bark of the *kadsi*, is very beautiful and glossy\*. Every year, when the leaves fall off, the young shoots are cut into sticks about three feet long, and being tied up in bundles, are boiled in water till the bark shrinks from the wood. The sticks are then exposed to the air till they grow cold; and being slit open lengthwise, the bark is taken off, dried, and

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\* For the following account, see “ Gallery of Nature.”

carefully preserved. Afterwards it is soaked in water till it is soft, then scraped; and the stronger bark, which is a full year's growth, is kept separate from the thinner, which covered the younger branches, as it yields a better and whiter paper. The bark, after being cleansed from all knots and impurities, is boiled in a clear lie, and constantly stirred till it becomes so tender, that, on being slightly touched, it will separate into small fibres."

"Pray, papa, what is lie?" enquired Harriet.

"It is water that has had wood-ashes soaked in it, my dear. The bark, when thus prepared, is washed

in a river, in sieves, and constantly stirred about with the hands till it becomes a soft, delicate, woolly substance. It is then put upon a thick, smooth, wooden table, and is beaten with sticks till it resembles the pulp of soaked paper, after which it is put into a narrow tub with water, in which rice has been boiled, to make it thick and slimy; and the whole is mixed together by stirring it with a thin reed. The sheets are then formed, one by one, by taking up this liquid substance in a proper mould, made of bulrushes instead of wire, and are carefully laid upon one another, on a table covered with a



double mat, whilst a small piece of reed is placed between each sheet. Every heap is covered with a board of the same shape and size as the paper: on this are laid weights, at first small, lest the sheets, which are as yet wet, should be pressed together in one lump; but, by degrees, heavier ones are added, to squeeze out the water. The next day the weights are taken off, and the sheets, lifted up one by one, are laid on long planks, and exposed to the heat of the sun. When fully dry, they are taken off, piled in heaps, pared round, and completely fitted for sale."

"Thank you, papa," said Harriet: "I have observed that, in every ac-

count you have given us, except in that of the *papyrus*, it appears necessary to make the stuff for the paper into a fine pulp, before the sheets are formed."

"It is so; my love. Paper that has been used may, by this means, be manufactured into new sheets."

"What, papa! if printed or written upon!" exclaimed Edward.

"Yes, my love; a method has been lately discovered, by which the ink may be discharged, and the pulp restored to its original whiteness."

"Have you now told us all you know about paper, papa?" enquired Harriet: "I am sure I should never have thought that so trifling a thing

could have afforded us so much amusement. I wish you would give us such a treat as this every week: how wise we should grow by the end of a year."

"Provided, Harriet, you pay attention to the objects around you, and remember what you are taught respecting them, you will, without setting apart one day in the week for particular instruction, gain, in the course of twelve months, a great deal of valuable information; and may hope, every year, to grow both wiser and better."

"I am sure," said Edward, "I cannot think how children were taught before printing was invented: they

must have been poor little ignorant things. But then all would be alike; so that one could not laugh at another."

"You are mistaken, Edward: they were not all equally ignorant. The knowledge children then gained, they owed entirely to their parents and instructors; for, as they had no books, they were obliged to learn all from what was called oral instruction; that is, information given by a living teacher. Now, as some parents were at that time, as well as at present, more qualified to teach than others, there must have been then, as well as now, a vast difference in their children."

“I did not think of that, papa; but it is very true. Indeed, there must have been a greater difference; for the children of ignorant people could at that time know nothing. But now, if a child can read, he may learn a great deal alone.”

“In some parts of the world,” said his father, “books are still so scarce, that there are people who get their living by telling tales to a numerous crowd of listeners, who pay a sum of money for their entertainment. This is the case in Turkey. In the large book you saw me reading yesterday morning, at breakfast, there was an amusing account of these story-tellers. Their plan is, to

raise the curiosity of their hearers to the highest pitch, by their wonderful tales; and when they have succeeded in completely fixing the attention of the company, they break off abruptly, and leave them till the following day, to conjecture what will be the conclusion of the story. This occasions many different opinions amongst the listeners, who often quarrel, and even fight, in support of their own idea."

"I should not at all like the tale to leave off in the middle, papa," said Edward: "when you gave me 'Early Lessons' to read, I did not know how to lay the book down till I had got to the end of it: if you had

taken it away from me, I should have felt sadly disappointed."

At this moment Edward jumped up, and exclaimed, "Look, papa! I declare there is mamma coming towards us." In an instant his fatigue was forgotten, and he ran to meet his mother. "Oh, mamma, we have had such a pleasant walk, and papa has taught us so many things about paper! I hope you do not know them all; for then we can teach you something, in return for the many things you have taught us. We have seen a very nice Frenchman too; and his daughter Jaqueline is the prettiest girl I ever saw in my life. And oh! mamma, papa has bought you such a beautiful

work-box, and pretty artificial flowers, that look exactly like real ones."

Their mother was pleased to find they had enjoyed themselves so much, and they all walked quickly towards home, for she said dinner was waiting.

"Will you please to tell us something about Indian rubber, as we walk along, papa," said Harriet.

"No, my love, I think I have taught you enough for to-day. I intend to give you a list of questions, this evening, upon the subject of our conversation in the morning; and if, by your answers, you convince me that you have paid attention to the instruction I have given you, and I find that my time has not been thrown away, I



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will frequently afford you a similar indulgence."

The children longed for this time of trial; and after tea their father wrote them out a list of questions, which he allowed them a week to answer, permitting them to begin their task on the following morning.

As I think my little readers may like to try and answer these questions also, I shall give them the list; and hoping they may perform their task as nicely as Harriet and Edward did, I bid them, affectionately, farewell.

THE  
LIST OF QUESTIONS

WHICH

*Harriet and Edward answered.*

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1. How many species of butterflies are there scattered over the globe?
2. How many are natives of our own country?
3. What was it that was first preserved in writing?
4. On what were the Ten Commandments written?
5. Tell me some of the different materials that were used for writing upon before the invention of paper.
6. From what did paper take its name?
7. By what nation was the *papyrus* discovered?

33. What is done with the paper when dried after sizing?

34. How many sheets are there in a quire of paper?

35. How many quires are there in a ream?

36. How long does it require to make a sheet of paper, from the time the old women begin to pick the rags, till it is ready for the stationer?

37. How did the Egyptians make their paper from the papyrus reed?

38. Did the paper of Egypt require sizing?

39. Give me some account of the patent machine for making paper.

40. Do any nations still continue to write on the leaves of trees?

41. What leaves do the Brahmims use for this purpose?

42. What is the usual height to which this tree rises, and how large do its leaves grow?

43. Of what do the Chinese make their paper?

44. How does the grasshopper make the cheruping sound we hear in our summer walks?

45. Give me an account of the camel-cricket.

46. Why is that insect called the praying mantis?

47. How do the Japanese make paper from the kadsis?

48. What is lie?

49. Can paper that has once been used be again manufactured into sheets?

50. How were children taught before books were printed.

THE END.





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